THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY A. POPE.

A NEW EDITION,

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

VOLUME IV.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

By T. Bensley, Bolt Court;

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THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

THE Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel; and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

Painted by Hr Singleton. *Engraved by W. H. Worthington.*

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BOOK XII.

While thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd,
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;

And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy show'rs.
The god of ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the gods in latter times perform;
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd
the tow'rs.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.

He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing jav'lins rain an iron storm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound:
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

O thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
O may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.
So Greece shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their sev'ral chiefs' commands.
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,

Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
Swift through the wall their horse and chariots past,
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following host with clamours rend the skies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear:
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
E'en when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;

On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling jav'lins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky show'r;
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic Asius thus accuses heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?

But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tried,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Through the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a god my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

E'en yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.

First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel,
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore!
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath.
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;
First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword:
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The falchion struck, and fate pursu'd the stroke;
Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.
Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:

Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise;
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd:
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:
Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward counsels would thy madness move
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring god,
These shall I slight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.

But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,
My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.

Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.
The gen'rous impulse ev'ry Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs.
As when high Jove his sharp artill'ry forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;

In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men!
The circling seas, alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall:
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend:
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:
Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above.

'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place;
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
Whom those that envy dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom,
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He said; his words the list'ning chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,

And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood,
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös:—Hence with speed (he said)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands;
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:

Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe.
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs:
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight:
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,

Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain:
He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Alcmäon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore:
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies:
It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost!

The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.
This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew;
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;
They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)

Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries.
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear,
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:

Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
the sky.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XII.

It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole design turns upon the wrath of Achilles: that wrath is not to be appeased but by the calamities of the Greeks, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in epic, as in tragic poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary incident at the winding-up of the catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible distress. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leisure to the wrath of Achilles to cool and die away by degrees (who is every where described as a person of a stubborn resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconciled), but also as it highly contributes to the honour of Achilles, which was to be fully satisfied before he could relent.

V. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo,* &c.] This whole episode of the destruction of the wall is spoken as a kind of prophecy, where Homer in a poetical enthusiasm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence that our author flourished not long after the Trojan war; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. Homer (says Aristotle) foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work; and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we see Apollo turning the course of the rivers against the wall, Jupiter opening the cataracts of heaven, and Neptune rending the

foundations with his trident: that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air, or ether; this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of Homer, like magic, first raises a stupendous object, and them immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion that Homer was particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of his own age might raise against the probability of this fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of the destruction of the wall seem to be added after the first writing of the Iliad, by Homer himself. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here and in the seventh book, where first this wall is mentioned. There describing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοι.

After which is inserted the debate of the gods concerning the method of its destruction, at the conclusion whereof immediately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former.

Δυσετο δ' ἠελιος, τετελεστο δε εργον Αχαιων.

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Ταφρος ετι σχησειν Δαναων και τειχος ὑπερθεν.

That which is now the thirty-sixth, seems originally to have followed.

Τειχος ευδμητον, καναχιζε δε δουρατα πυργων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the course of narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in Homer) seem to have been added for the reason above said. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon the review of the passages.

V. 99. *The forces part in five distinguish'd bands.*] The Trojan army is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five gates in the wall, so that an attack might be made upon every gate at the same instant: by this means the Greeks would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the same time.

The poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 125. *Asius alone, confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being empowered to order his own troops as he thought fit; for otherwise Asius had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the rest were on foot.

V. 127. *Unhappy hero!* &c.] Homer observes a poetical justice in relation to Asius; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel, and blaspheming the gods. In pursuance of this prophecy, Asius is killed in the thirteenth book by Idomeneus.

V. 267. *The speech of Hector.*] This speech of Hector's is full of spirit: his valour is greater than the skill of Polydamas, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is something very heroic in that line,

> ' ..... His sword the brave man draws,
> And asks no omen but his country's cause.'

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the character of him who speaks it, who is every where described as a great lover of his country.

It may seem at first view that Hector uses Polydamas with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech: but he will be sufficiently justified, if we consider that the interpretation of the omen given by Polydamas might have discouraged the army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 371. *The speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who, to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expose themselves first in the battle, and be an example to their soldiers.

Upon this Sarpedon grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness.

V. 387. *Could all our care*, &c.] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and seek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth is certainly preferable to glory purchased with the loss of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at last, though perhaps late, must end. It is ordained that all men shall die, nor can our escaping danger secure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and even that continuance will be but short, though the infamy everlasting. This is incontestible, and whoever weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in his choice: but what is most worthy of remark is, that Homer does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it to the son of Jupiter. EUSTATHIUS. DACIER.

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this speech of Sarpedon is excellently translated by Sir John Denham, and if I have done it with any spirit, it is partly owing to him.

V. 444. *Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that Teucer, who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by Pandion: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its unusualness. It may be supposed that Teucer had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall; he might judge that some other weapon might be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of Pandion. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 483. *Swift to the battlement the victor flies.*] From what Sarpedon here performs, we may gather that this wall of the Greeks was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwise from this passage; and consequently the thickness of the wall was answerable to the wideness of the ditch. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This simile,

says Eustathius, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumstance that is seldom to be found in Homer's allusions; it corresponds in every point with the subject it was intended to illustrate: the measures of the two neighbours represent the spears of the combatants: the confines of the field shew that they are engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies gives us a lively idea of the large stones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

V. 521. *As when two scales*, &c.] This comparison is excellent on account of its justness; for there is nothing better represents an exact equality than a balance: but Homer was particularly exact, in having neither described a woman of wealth and condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small inequality; nor a slave, for such a one is ever regardless of his master's interest: but he speaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded herself. She therefore takes care that the scales be exactly of the same weight.

It was an ancient tradition (and is countenanced by the author of Homer's life ascribed to Herodotus), that the poet drew this comparison from his own family; being himself the son of a woman who maintained herself by her own industry; he therefore to extol her honesty (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. EUSTATHIUS.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

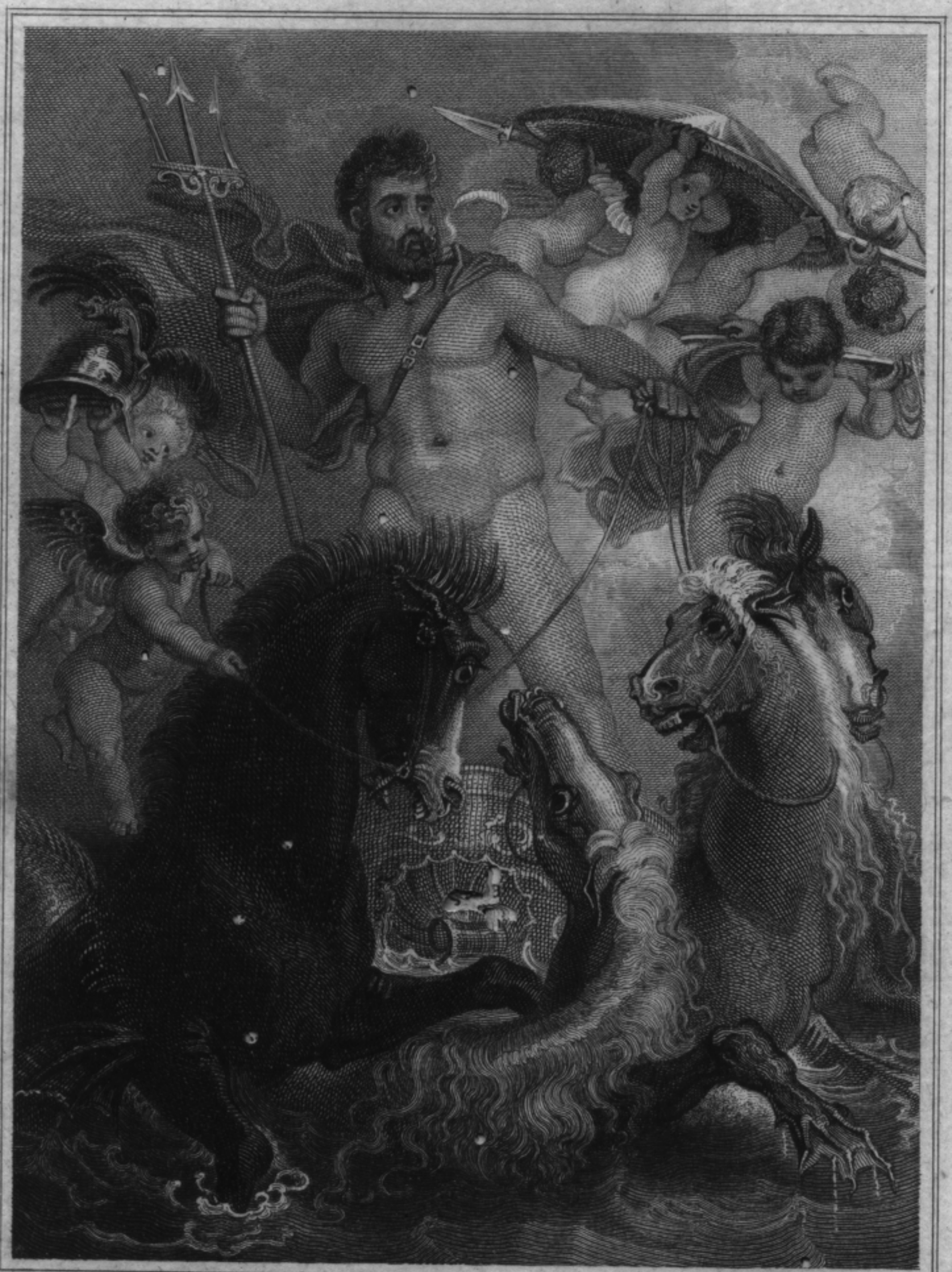
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS: THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Merione losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous: Deïphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaüs wounds Helenus and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.



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BOOK XIII.

When now the thund'rer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring host,
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n,
While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Meantime the monarch of the wat'ry main
Observ'd the thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,

He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Belŏw, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen;
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sat; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep

Gambol around him on the wat'ry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay:
The father of the floods pursues his way;
Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply:
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,

Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His snouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone:
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his sceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the pow'r of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.
Th' inspiring god Oïleus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
Some god, my friend, some god in human form
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
E'en now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart:
Singly methinks, yon tow'ring chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.

Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspir'd;
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes:
Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!

Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,
A prey to ev'ry savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldiers' baseness, or the gen'ral's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.

Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death:
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.
These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Resistless when he rag'd, and, when he stopp'd, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array:
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tow'r;

For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.
He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast:
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide);
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear.
The Greek, retreating, mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in gen'rous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt, remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:

(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled:
He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimacus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;

He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimacus, sad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms; Oïleus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The god of ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete.
His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,

Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issu'd from his tent
Fierce for the fight: to whom the god begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?
To whom the king: On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains:
'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou can'st not singly, urge the rest.
Thus he; and thus the god whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:

Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor e'en this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.
This said, he rushes where the combat burns:
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars,
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies:
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!

O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war,
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils:
But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.

What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
E'en there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;

Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man)
Terror, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

Not in the centre (Idomen replied),
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.

As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The sire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heav'n with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;

But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's saperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
In war and discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and clôse-compell'd they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of pow'r,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,

Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.
Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collected in defensive shade.
O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.

E'en then the spear the vig'rous arm confest,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries),
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.
Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe whom heav'n and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire;
His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart
With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art:

He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
While the winds sleep, his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the pond'rous stroke his cors'let yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince, was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:

O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons, I reign,
And thence my ships transport me thro' the main:
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he sought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and said:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;

Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage;
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,
And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warrior sent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade

Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' assisting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor, join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embody'd train,
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them as he leads
To the cool fountains, thro' the well-known meads:
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On ev'ry side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breastplates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins sing.
Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.

But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke;
The forceful spear his hollow cors'let broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And, furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course,
In standing fight he yet maintains his force;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin cast:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall:
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize:
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;

His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein, that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind;
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,

Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe:
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick as ebbing life decays.
The spear the conqu'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!

That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand:
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supplied.
Behold! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! To enhance thy fame,
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.

First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore,
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said:
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd;
A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great father! lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man, supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
E'en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.
This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew.

Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd:

His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field):
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands;
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he that shakes the solid earth gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led;
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong th' Epæan bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold:
The Phthians, Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' son: and that (Oïleus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' sev'nfold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave associate grace:
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van the Telamonian train,
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain:
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,

The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of heav'n.
To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-consid'ring mind;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,

Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?
Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.
To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.
This said, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.

Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear:
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;

Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer,
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the gods alone.
These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,
Palmus, with Polypœtes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line

(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war).
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field;
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look:
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive shook.

The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain
E'en thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
E'en thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:

Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answ'ring thunders fill'd th' echoing plain;
A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XIII.

V. 5. *Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.*] One might fancy, at the first reading of this passage, that Homer here turned aside from the main view of his poem, in a vain ostentation of learning, to amuse himself with a foreign and unnecessary description of the manners and customs of these nations. But we shall find, upon better consideration, that Jupiter's turning aside his eyes was necessary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to Neptune to assist the Greeks, and thereby causes all the adventures of this book. Madam Dacier is too refining on this occasion, when she would have it that Jupiter's 'averting his eyes' signifies his abandoning the Trojans, in the same manner as the Scripture represents the Almighty 'turning his face' from those whom he deserts. But at this rate, Jupiter, turning his eyes from the battle, must desert both the Trojans and the Greeks; and it is evident from the context that Jupiter intended nothing less than to let the Trojans suffer.

V. 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays.*] There is much dispute among the critics which are the proper names, and which the epithets, in these verses? Some making αγαυοι the epithet to ἱππημολγοι, others ἱππημολγοι the epithet to αγαυοι; and αβιοι, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by Strabo and Ammianus Marcellinus made the proper name of a people. In this diversity of opinions, I have chosen that which I thought would make the best figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to suppose that the long life of the Hippemolgians was an effect of their simple diet, and a reward of their justice: and that the Supreme Being, displeased at the continued scenes of human violence and dissension, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the simplicity of these people.

It is observable that the same custom of living on milk is preserved to this day by the Tartars, who inhabit the same country.

V. 29 —— *The lofty mountains nod,*
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.]

Longinus confesses himself wonderfully struck with the sublimity of this passage. That critic, after having blamed the defects with which Homer draws the manners of his gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their figure and persons. He owns that he often paints a god such as he is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terrestrial images; of which he produces this passage as a remarkable instance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

V. 32. ——*Three ample strides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not transcends, what he has feigned before of the passage of this god. We are told, that at four steps he reached Ægæ, which (supposing it meant of the town of that name in Eubœa, which lay the nighest to Thrace,) is hardly less than a degree at each step. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount Athos, his second on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa. Dacier is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole passage, and without which the sublime image of Homer's not complete.

V. 33. —— *The distant Ægæ shook.*] There were three places of this name, which were all sacred to Neptune; an island in the Ægean sea, mentioned by Nicostratus, a town in Peloponnesus, and another in Eubœa. Homer is supposed in this passage to speak of the last; but the question is put, why Neptune, who stood upon a hill in Samothrace, instead of going on the left to Troy, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniously solved by the old scholiast; who says, that Jupiter being now on mount Ida, with his eyes turned towards Thrace, Neptune could not take the

direct way from Samothrace to Troy without being discovered by him, and therefore fetches this compass to conceal himself. Eustathius is contented to say, that the poet made Neptune go so far about, for the opportunity of those fine descriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the passage of this god.

V. 97. *Th' inspiring god, Oïleus' active son——Perceiv'd the first.*] The reason has been asked, why the lesser Ajax is the first to perceive the assistance of the god? And the ancient solution of this question was very ingenious: they said that the greater Ajax, being slow of apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this accession of strength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing so much to his natural courage.

V. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majesty of the gods was such that they could not be seen face to face by men, seems to have been generally received in most nations. Spondanus observes, that it might be derived from sacred truth, and founded upon what God says to Moses in Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 20, 23, 'Man shall not see me and live; thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not behold.'

V. 131. *The speech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After Neptune in his former discourse to the Ajaces, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withstand the attack of the Trojans, he now addresses himself to those who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavours to bring again to the engagement by one of the most noble and spirited speeches in the whole Iliad. He represents that their present miserable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of resolution to withstand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their present dejection of mind to a cowardly spirit, but to a resentment and indignation of their general's usage of their favourite hero Achilles. With the same softening art he tells them, he scorns to speak thus to cowards, but is only con-

cerned for their misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid destruction, which would certainly be inevitable if for a moment longer they delayed to oppose so imminent a danger.

V. 141. *A rout undisciplin'd*, &c.] I translate this line,

Αὔλως πλασσιασι αναλκιδες, ωδ' επι χαρμη,

with allusion to the want of military discipline among the barbarians, so often hinted at in Homer. He is always opposing to this the exact and regular disposition of his Greeks, and accordingly, a few lines after, we are told that the Grecian phalanxes were such that Mars or Minerva could not have found a defect in them.

V. 155. *Prevent this evil*, &c.] The verse in the original,

Αλλ' ακεσωμεθα θασσον, ακεσται τοι φρενες εσθλαι,

may be capable of receiving another sense to this effect: If it be your resentment of Agamemnon's usage of Achilles, that withholds you from the battle, 'that evil (viz. the dissension of those two chiefs) may soon be remedied, for the minds of good men are easily calmed and composed.' I had once translated it,

'Their future strife with speed we shall redress,
For noble minds are soon compos'd to peace.'

But, upon considering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of Didymus) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

V. 177. *A chosen phalanx, firm*, &c.] Homer in these lines has given us a description of the ancient phalanx, which consisted of several ranks of men closely ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levelled directly forward; the second rank, being armed with spears two cubits longer, levelled them likewise forward through the interstices of the first; and the third in the same manner held forth their spears yet longer through the two former ranks; so that the points of the spears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks stood with their spears erected, in readiness to advance, and fill the vacant places of such as fell. This is the account Eustathius

gives of the phalanx; which he observes was only fit for a body of men acting on the defensive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly Homer here only describes the Greeks ordering the battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to stand their ground against the furious assault of the Trojans. The same commentator observes from Hermolytus, an ancient writer of tactics, that this manner of ordering the phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Lycurgus, among the Argives by Lysander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Charidemus.

V. 101. *As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, &c.*] This is one of the noblest similes in all Homer, and the most justly corresponding in its circumstances to the thing described. The furious descent of Hector from the wall represented by a stone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero pushed on by the superior force of Jupiter, as the stone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the stone, the crackling of the woods, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, and the augmentation of force in its progress: all these points of likeness make but the first part of this admirable simile. Then the sudden stop of the stone when it comes to the plain, as of Hector at the phalanx of the Ajaces (alluding also to the natural situation of the ground, Hector rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea): and, lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verses themselves make us see, the sound of them makes us hear, what they represent, in the noble roughness, rapidity, and sonorous cadence that distinguishes them.

Ῥεῖας ἀσπετον ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδὲς ἴχμαλα πέτρης, &c.

The translation, however short it falls of these beauties, may serve

to shew the reader that there was at least an endeavour to imitate them.

V. 278. *Idomen of Crete.*] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whose character (if I take it right) is such as we see pretty often in common life: a person of the first rank, sufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conscious of his decline of strength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in dignity, and to preserve the veneration of others. The true picture of a stiff old soldier, not willing to lose any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconsiderate in danger; but by the sense of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him: very careful and tender of his soldiers, whom he had commanded so long, that they were become old acquaintance, (so that it was with great judgment Homer chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded). Talkative upon subjects of war, as afraid that others might lose the memory of what he had done in better days; of which the long conversation with Meriones, and Ajax's reproach to him in Il. xxiii. v. 478, of the original, are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character: that respect Agamemnon seems careful to treat him with, and the particular distinctions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that insinuates they were points upon which this prince not a little insisted. Il. iv. v. 296, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his sarcasms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, savour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the ancients a tradition of Idomeneus, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the Heroics of Philostratus, that before he would come to the Trojan war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with Agamemnon himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in Homer, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of

famous persons, or the traditions that passed in those times. One cannot believe otherwise of a poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming oddnesses, not only in the characters, but in the speeches of the Iliad; for as no author is more true than Homer to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to several particulars. For instance, the speech I have been mentioning of Agamemnon to Idomeneus in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much less odd and surprising. Or who can tell but it had some allusion to the manners of the Cretans whom he commanded, whose character was so well known as to become a proverb: 'The Cretans, evil beasts, and slow bellies?'

V. 283. *The surgeons of the camp.*] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only physicians in the army; it appears from some passages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advertise, that the ancient physicians were all surgeons. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 325. — — *Meriones attends, whom thus he questions*—] This conversation between Idomeneus and Meriones is generally censured as highly improper and out of place, and as such is given up even by M. Dacier, the most zealous of our poet's defenders. However, if we look closely into the occasion and drift of this discourse, the accusation will, I believe, appear not so well grounded. Two persons of distinction, just when the enemy is put to a stop by the Ajaces, meet behind the army: having each on important occasions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded soldier, the other to seek a new weapon. Idomeneus, who is superior in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is sur-

prised to meet Meriones out of it, who was one of his own officers (Θεραπων, as Homer here calls him), and being jealous of his soldier's honour, demands the cause of his quitting the fight. Meriones having told him it was the want of a spear, he yet seems unsatisfied with the excuse; adding, that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a spear. Meriones, being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the Greeks had the least reason to suspect his courage: whereupon Idomeneus, perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard thoughts of him, since he had often known his courage proved on such occasions, where the danger being greater, and the number smaller, it was impossible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a sinister interpretation to their inactivity during this discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this conversation has its rise from a jealousy in the most tender point of honour, I think the poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run on for about forty verses; which, after all, cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

V. 335. *This headless lance*, &c.] We have often seen several of Homer's combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to seek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here send Meriones on this errand? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the Greeks now maintained, drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was useless without this weapon.

V. 384. *So Mars armipotent*, &c.] Homer varies his similitudes with all imaginable art, sometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, sometimes from natural passions, sometimes from the occurrences of life, and sometimes (as in the simile before us) from history. The invention of Mars's passage from Thrace (which was feigned to be the country of that god) to the Phlegyans and Ephyrians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

V. 396. —— *Shall we join the right,*
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?]

The common interpreters have to this question of Meriones given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonsense; explaining it thus: 'Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle, or on the left, for no where else do the Greeks so much want assistance?' which amounts to this: 'Shall we engage where our assistance is most wanted, or where it is not wanted?' The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning: 'Shall we bring our assistance to the right, to the left, or to the centre? since the Greeks being equally pressed and engaged on all sides, equally need our aid in all parts.'

V. 451.] It will be necessary, for the better understanding the conduct of Homer in every battle he describes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumstances that distinguish each. In this view therefore we ought to remember through this whole book, that the battle described in it is a fixed close fight, wherein the armies engage in a gross compact body, without any skirmishes or feats of activity so often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We see at the beginning of it the Grecians form a phalanx, v. 177, which continues unbroken at the very end, v. 1006. The chief weapon made use of is a spear, being most proper for this manner of combat; nor do we see any other use of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the instance of Harpalion and Deiphobus).

From hence we may observe with what judgment and propriety Homer introduces Idomeneus as the chief in action on this occasion: for this hero being declined from his prime, and somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as Homer expressly says in the 512th verse of the present book.

V. 452. *In war and discord's adamantine chain.*] This short but comprehensive allegory is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the two contending armies, who, being powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any

remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies close bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two gods draw the extremities, whereby the enclosed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once so exact and bold. Madam Dacier acknowledges, that, despairing to make this passage shine in her language, she purposely omitted it in her translation; but, from what she says in her annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it.

V. 471. *The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead:*

And thus (he cries) ——]

It seems (says Eustathius on this place) that the Iliad being an heroic poem, is of too serious a nature to admit of raillery: yet Homer has found the secret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is so far from raising laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to inflame the courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the character of Idomeneus, who, notwithstanding he is in the midst of imminent dangers, preserves his usual gaiety of temper, which is the greatest evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confess I am of an opinion very different from this of Eustathius, which is also adopted by M. Dacier. So severean bloody an irony to a dying person is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itself. It should not have place at all, or, if it should, is ill placed here. Idomeneus is represented a brave man, nay a man of a compassionate nature, in the circumstance he was introduced in, of assisting a wounded soldier. What provocation could such an one have to insult so barbarously an unfortunate prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy? True courage is inseparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they cost. I know it may be answered, that these were not the manners of Homer's time; a spirit of violence and devastation then reigned, even among the chosen people of God,

as may be seen from the actions of Joshua, &c. However, if one would forgive the cruelty, one cannot forgive the gaiety on such an occasion. These inhuman jests the poet was so far from being obliged to make, that he was, on the contrary, forced to break the general serious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raise a suspicion, that (whatever we see of his superior genius in other respects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the most shocking in this author, is that spirit of cruelty which appears too manifestly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate Homer in these licences, and is much more reserved in his sarcasms and insults.

V. 474. *And such the contract of the Phrygian king*, &c.] It was but natural to raise a question, on occasion of these and other passages in Homer, how it comes to pass that the heroes of different nations are so well acquainted with the stories and circumstances of each other? Eustathius's solution is no ill one, that the warriors on both sides might learn the story of their enemies from the captives they took, during the course of so long a war.

V. 511. *The Cretan saw; and stooping*, &c.] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumstance of it, than the following lines. There is the posture of Idomeneus upon seeing the lance flying towards him; the lifting the shield obliquely to turn it aside: the arm discovered in that position; the form, composition, materials, and ornaments of the shield distinctly specified; the flight of the dart over it; the sound of it, first as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that sound on the edge of the buckler, which, being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, especially when the first force of the stroke was spent on the orb of it. All this in the compass of so few lines, in which every word is an image, is something more beautifully particular than I remember to have met with in any poet.

V. 543. *He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy.*] Some manuscripts, after these words, ωριστον εν Τροιη ευρειη, insert the

Πριν Ανθηνορίδας τραφέμεν και Πανθοον υίας
Πριαμίδας θ' οἱ τρωσι μεΐαπρεπον ἱπποδαμοισιν
Ἕως αθ' ἡδην εἰκεν, οφελλε δε κυριον ανθος ;

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. Barnes is of the same opinion.

V. 554. *His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,*
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.]

We cannot read Homer without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds are painted with very singular circumstances, and those of uncommon art and beauty. This passage is a masterpiece in that way; Alcathous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with so strong a pulse, that the motion is communicated even to the distant end of the spear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the most skilful anatomists of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds. 'Lower de corde, Borellus, et alii.'

V. 578. *Incens'd at partial Priam,* &c.] Homer here gives the reason why Æneas did not fight in the foremost ranks. It was against his inclination that he served Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to assist his country, than by any disposition to aid that prince. This passage is purely historical, and the ancients have preserved to us a tradition which serves to explain it. They say that Æneas became suspected by Priam, on account of an oracle which prophesied he should in process of time rule over the Trojans. The king therefore shewed him no great degree of esteem or consideration, with design to discredit, and render him despicable to the people. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 621. *Like Ida's flocks,* &c.] Homer, whether he treats of the customs of men or beasts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When sheep leave the pasture and drink freely, it is a certain sign that they have found good pasturage, and that they are all sound; it is therefore upon this account that Homer says the shepherd rejoices. Homer, we find, well understood what

Aristotle many ages after him remarked, viz. that sheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reason why shepherds are accustomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of salt every five days in the summer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] Homer does not tell us the occasion of this hatred; bnt since his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deïphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which Euripides and Virgil have followed: for after the death of Paris, they tell us she was espoused to Deïphobus. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 720. *Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground,*
Lay panting. ——] The original is,

——ὁδ' εσπομενῳ πεςι δυςι
Ηεπαιρ——

The versification represents the short broken pantings of the dying warrior, in the short sudden break at the second syllable of the second line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the English. It is not often that a translator can do this justice to Homer, but he must be content to imitate these graces and proprieties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, though not the same.

V. 728. *King Helenus.*] The appellation of King was not anciently confined to those only who bore the sovereign dignity, but applied also to others. There was in the island of Cyprus a whole order of officers called kings, whose business it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the island, and to regulate affairs accordingly. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 766. *The cover'd pole-axe.*] Homer never ascribes this weapon to any but the Barbarians, for the battle-axe was not used in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the Amazons. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 779. *The speech of Menelaüs.*] This speech of Menelaüs over his dying enemy is very different from those with which Homer frequently makes his heroes insult the vanquished, and

answers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no insulting taunts, no cruel sarcasms, nor any sporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the invectives he makes are general, arising naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almost nothing else but a recapitulation of them. These reproaches come most justly from this prince, as being the only person among the Greeks who had received any personal injury from the Trojans.

V. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called αμυμων, 'the blameless dance;' to distinguish (says Eustathius) what sort of dancing it is that Homer commends; for there were two kinds of dancing practised among the ancients: the one reputable, invented by Minerva, or by Castor and Pollux; the other dishonest, of which Pan, or Bacchus, was the author. They were distinguished by the name of the tragic, and the comic or satiric dance. But those which probably our author commends were certain military dances used by the greatest heroes. One of this sort was known to the Macedonians and Persians, practised by Antiochus the great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in complete armour, called the Pyrrhic, from Pyrrhicus the Spartan, its inventor, which continued in fashion among the Lacedæmonians.

V. 823. *The pensive father.*] We have seen in the vth Iliad the death of Pylæmenes, general of the Paphlagonians; how comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son? Eustathius informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some critics, who thought it might be the ghost of his unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. Zenodotus, not satisfied with this (as indeed he had little reason to be), changed the name Pylæmenes into Kylæmenes. Didymus thinks there were two of the same name; as there are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eurymedons, and three Adrastus's. And others correct the verse by adding a negative, μετα δ' ω σφι πατηρ κιε; 'his father did not follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears.' Which last, if not of more weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious. Eustathius. Dacier.

'Nor did his valiant father (now no more)
Pursue the mournful pomp along the shore;
No sire surviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or sprinkle the cold ashes with a tear.'

V. 861. *Phthians.*] The Phthians are not the troops of Achilles, for these were called Phthiotes; but they were the troops of Protesilaus and Philoctetes. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 879. *So when two lordly bulls,* &c.] The image here given of the Ajaces is very lively and exact; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found in the comparison; and no particular in the comparison that does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength and labour, their unanimity and nearness to each other, the difficulties they struggle against, and the sweat occasioned by the struggling, perfectly corresponding with the simile.

V. 937. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!]

There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achilles. It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as Polydamas, to convince so intrepid a warrior as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans stood, to say, Achilles sees us. 'Though he abstains from the fight, he still casts his eye on the battle; it is true we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground, but still Achilles sees us, and we are not safe.' This reflection makes him a god, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of the poem, where we shall see in the xvith book the Trojans fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by Patroclus; and in the xviiith their defeat completed by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship.

V. 930. *Hector, with a bound, leap'd from his chariot.*] Hector having in the last book alighted, and caused the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they pass the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Asius since occurring in the battle, we must necessarily infer, either that Homer has neg-

which should not have been omitted) or else that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it evident that this is really a slip of the poet's memory: for in this very book, v. 533 (of the original) we see Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his soldiers' arms to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battle.

—— ——— τον δ' αῤ ἑταιρὴ
Χερσιν αειραντες φερον εκ πονου, οφρ' ικεθ' ἱππους
Ωκεας οἱ οἱ οπισθε μαχης ηδε πολεμοιο
Εστασαν——— Lib. xiv. v. 428.

But what puts it beyond dispute that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they first quitted them, is a passage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the Trojans, being overpowered by the Greeks, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots stood,

Οἱ μεν δη παρ' οχεσφιν ερητυοντο μενοντες. Lib. xv. v. 3.

Neither Eustathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must honestly own my opinion, that there are several other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwise of the passage in the present book concerning Pylæmenes, notwithstanding the excuses of the commentators which are there given. The very using the same name in different places for different persons, confounds the reader in the story, and is what certainly would be better avoided: so that it is to no purpose to say, there might as well be two Pylæmenes's as two Schedius's, two Eurymedons, two Ophelestes's, &c. since it is more blameable to be negligent in many instances than in one. Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has observed, Sat. l. v. c. 13. But the above-mentioned names are proofs of that critic's being greatly mistaken in affirming that Homer is not guilty of the same. It is one of those many errors he was led into by his partiality to Homer above Virgil.

V. 948. *And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.*] This simile is very short in the original, and requires to be opened a little to discover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the lustre of Hector's armour was that which furnished Homer with this image; it seems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of shaking which this hero is so frequently painted by our author, and from thence distinguished by the remarkable epithet κορυθαιολος. This is a very pleasing image, and very much what painters call picturesque.

V. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.*] I have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confusion, and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κυματα παφλαζοντα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης
Κυρια, φαληριοωντα. ———

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

NESTOR, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

Drawn by R.d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Ja.s Heath A.

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BOOK XIV.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and, seizing Thrasimedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
(That day the son his father's buckler bore)
Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door,
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.

As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps:
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the gen'ral haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last:
Yet, as he moves, the sight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flash, the jav'lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)

Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the host addrest:
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?
Gerenian Nestor then: So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bow'r,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
E'en to the ships their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought
In such distress; if counsel profit ought:

Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls incite,
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust;
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Pass'd are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main:
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jowe endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it e'en from him whose sov'reign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to quite this hateful coast.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Ought, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possest;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpast
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;

There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Though sore of battle, though with wounds opprest,
Let each go forth and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile jav'lin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.
He added not: the list'ning kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Press'd in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;

Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heav'n forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew,
And sent his voice before-him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield
When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.

Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heav'n, through earth, and all th' aërial way:
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,

Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?

Let heav'n's dread empress (Cytheræa said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the queen) those conqu'ring charms,
That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods!)

Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
Oft the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And, what my youth has ow'd, repay their age?
She said. With awe divine, the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.

With smiles she took the charm; and smiling prest
The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O pow'r of slumbers! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.
Imperial dame (the balmy pow'r replies),
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!

O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand;
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore:
Great Jove, awaking, shook the bless'd abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings dis-
play'd;
Impow'r'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
E'en Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears (the queen of heav'n replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes);
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring son?

Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,
The youngest grace, Pasithaë the divine.
Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main:
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest grace, Pasithaë the divine.
The queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs
Invokes the sable subtartarean pow'rs,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil;
Through air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide;
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.

There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies;
Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth)
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The god, whose lightning sets the heav'ns on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms:
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke:

Why comes my goddess from th' ethereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then she—I haste to those remote abodes
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys, reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years:

For strife, I hear, has made that union cease
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aërial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy superior pow'r
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
Whence rose Pirithous like the gods in fame:
Not when fair Danaë felt the show'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame:
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.

Not thus e'en for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.
He spoke; the goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height,
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight;
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;
The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky:
How shall I e'er review the bless'd abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.
She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not e'en the sun, who darts through heav'n his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.
Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.

Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:
Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,
And clust'ring lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress,
The panting thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd, he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god:

Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the pow'r of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.

Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong.
Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay;
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change:
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.

Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, th' earth-shaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god:
And lo! the god, and wond'rous man, appear:
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods and make whole forests fall;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driv'n,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heav'n.
The first bold jav'lin, urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;

But there no pass the crossing belts afford
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword).
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,
(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;

His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving jav'lin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propp'd on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;

The foe, reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart;
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring Ajax loud-insulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lires, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.
He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart——Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.

Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd; and, as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embru'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to fame?
Thou first, great Ajax! on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew.
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.

Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chace.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XIV.

V. 1. *But nor the genial feast.*] At the end of the eleventh book we left Nestor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the intrenchments, described through the twelfth and thirteenth books, happened while Nestor and Machaon sat at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, since there is nothing performed in those two books but what might naturally happen in the space of two hours. Homer constantly follows the thread of his narration, and never suffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. DACIER.

V. 10. *Let Hecamede the bath prepare.*] The custom of women officiating to men in the bath, was usual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the Odyssey. And it is not at all more odd, or to be sneered at, than the custom now used in France, of valets de chambres dressing and undressing the ladies.

V. 21. *As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps.*] There are no where more finished pictures of nature than those which Homer draws in several of his comparisons. The beauty however of some of these will be lost to many, who cannot perceive the resemblance, having never had opportunity to observe the things themselves. The life of this description will be most sensible to those who have been at sea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: this state continues till a rising wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole compass of nature that can more exactly represent the state of an irresolute mind, wavering between two different designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its resolution is at last determined. Every circumstance of this

comparison is both beautiful and just; and it is the more to be admired, because it is very difficult to find sensible images proper to represent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with such comparisons even in the best poets.

V. 39. *Their ships at distance,* &c.] Homer, being always careful to distinguish each scene of action, gives a very particular description of the station of the ships, shewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here, taking occasion on the wounded heroes coming from their ships, which were at a distance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of those ships where the wall was broke down), he tells us, that the shore of the bay (comprehended between the Rhætean and Sigæan promontories) was not sufficient to contain the ships in one line: which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the shore. How many of these lines there were, the poet does not determine. M. Dacier, without giving any reason for her opinion, says they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the sea. But it is more than probable, that there were several intermediate lines; since the order in which the vessels lay is here described by a metaphor taken from the steps of a scaling-ladder; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to represent a greater, though undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewise be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the eleventh book; where it is said, that the voice of Discord, standing on the ship of Ulysses, 'in the middle of the fleet,' was heard as far as the stations of Achilles and Ajax, 'whose ships were drawn up in the two extremities:' those of Ajax were nearest the wall (as is expressly said in the 682d verse of the thirteenth book, in the original), and those of Achilles nearest the sea, as appears from many passages scattered through the Iliad.

It must be supposed that those ships were drawn highest upon land which first approached the shore; the first line therefore consisted of those who first disembarked, which were the ships of Ajax and Protesilaus; the latter of whom seems mentioned in the verse above cited of the thirteenth book, only to give occasion to

observe this; for he was slain as he landed, first of the Greeks. And accordingly we shall see in the fifteenth book it is his ship that is first attacked by the Trojans, as it lay the nearest to them.

We may likewise guess how it happens that the ships of Achilles were placed nearest to the sea; for in the answer of Achilles to Ulysses in the ninth book, v. 432, he mentions a naval expedition he had made while Agamemnon lay safe in the camp: so that his ships at their return did naturally lie next the sea; which, without this consideration, might appear a station not so becoming this hero's courage.

V. 118. *Whoe'er, or young or old,* &c.] This nearly resembles an ancient custom at Athens, where, in times of trouble and distress, every one, of what age or quality soever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the public cryer. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 120.] This speech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an answer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counsel he proposes was that alone which could be of any real service in their present exigency: however, since he ventures to advise where Ulysses is at a loss, and Nestor himself silent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and descent, hoping thence to add to his counsel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this historical digression seems more out of season than any of the same kind which we so frequently meet with in Homer, since his birth and parentage must have been sufficiently known to all at the siege, as he here tells them. This must be owned a defect not altogether to be excused in the poet, but which may receive some alleviation, if considered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a strong inclination to genealogical stories, and too frequently takes occasion to gratify this humour.

V. 179. *The story of Jupiter and Juno*] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity than this of Jupiter's being deceived and laid asleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and absurdity. It is an observation of Mons. de St. Evremond upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: ' That it is surprising enough to find them so scrupulous to preserve probability in ac-

tions purely human, and so ready to violate it in representing the actions of the gods. Even those who have spoken more sagely than the rest, of their nature, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct. When they establish their being and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good: but the moment they represent them acting, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they do not make them commit.' The same author answers this in another place by remarking, 'That truth was not the inclination of the first ages: a foolish lie or a lucky falsehood gave reputation to impostors, and pleasure to the credulous. It was the whole secret of the great and the wise, to govern the simple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was nothing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in itself.'

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuse for it Homer might have from ancient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time.

V. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of Juno, in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient cosmetics, though entirely disused in the modern arts of dress. It may possibly offend the niceness of modern ladies; but such of them as paint ought to consider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanliness. This passage is a clear instance of the antiquity of this custom, and clearly determines against Pliny (who is of opinion that it was not so ancient as those times), where, speaking of perfumed unguents, he says, 'Quis primus invenerit, non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant,' lib. xiii. c. 1. Besides the custom of anointing kings among the Jews, which the Christians have borrowed, there are several allusions in the Old Testament which

shew that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The Psalmist, speaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil; the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a cheerful countenance. It seems most probable that this was an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Asiatics, among whom the most proper ingredients for these unguents were produced; from them this custom was propagated among the Romans, by whom it was esteemed a pleasure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to see instances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be satisfied in the three first chapters of the thirteenth book of Pliny's Natural History.

V. 218. *And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.*] Notwithstanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural beauty of her person, nor the artificial one of her dress, will be sufficient to work upon a husband. She therefore has recourse to the cestus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to inflame his mind by magical enchantment; a folly which in all ages has possessed her sex. To procure this, she applies to the goddess of love; from whom hiding her real design under a feigned story (another propriety in the character of the fair) she obtains the valuable present of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the cestus lies very open, though the impertinences of Eustathius on this head are unspeakable: in it are comprised the most powerful incentives to love, as well as the strongest effects of the passion. The just admiration of this passage has been always so great and universal, that the cestus of Venus is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can scarce be equalled: so beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional figures, expressing some of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice, of the fair sex have introduced into the art of love since Homer's days.

V. 255. ——*And press'd the pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.*] Eustathius takes notice, that the word cestus is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle; though the epithet has prevailed so far as to become the proper name in common use.

This has happened to others of our author's epithets; the word pigmy is of the same nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open sight, but Juno hides it in her bosom, to shew the difference of the two characters: it suits well with Venus to make a shew of whatever is engaging in her; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modest.

V. 264. *She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,*
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]

In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine personage: it does not appear whether this god of sleep was a god of Homer's creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were of more ancient date. The poet indeed speaks of him as of one formerly active in some heavenly transactions. Be this as it will, succeeding poets have always acknowledged his title.

V. 264. *To Lemnos.*] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why Juno seeks for Sleep in Lemnos. Some, finding out that Lemnos anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of sleep. Others will have it, that this god being in love with Pasithaë, who resided with her sister, the wife of Vulcan, in Lemnos, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators, perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not design this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the Lemnians; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of Ariosto, who makes the angel find Discord in a monastery: Or like that of Boileau in his Lutrin, where he places Molesse in a dormitory of the monks of St. Bernard.

V. 272. *A splendid footstool.*] Notwithstanding the cavils of Scaliger, it may be allowed that an easy chair was no improper present for Sleep. As to the footstool, Madam Dacier's observation is a very just one; that, besides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from presenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it so frequently men-

tioned in Scripture, where the earth is called 'the footstool of the throne of God.'

V. 279. *The sire of all, old Ocean.*] 'Homer (says Plutarch) calls the sea 'Father of All,' with a view to this doctrine, that all things were generated from water. Thales the Milesian, the head of the Ionic sect, who seems to have been the first author of philosophy, affirmed water to be the principle from whence all things spring, and into which all things are resolved; because the prolific seed of all animals is a moisture: all plants are nourished by moisture; the very sun and stars, which are fire, are nourished by moist vapours and exhalations; and consequently he thought the world was produced from this element.' Plut. Opin. of Philos. lib. i. cap. 3.

V. 296. *E'en Jove rever'd the venerable dame.*] Jupiter is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to Night; the poet (says Eustathius) instructs us by this, that a wise and honest man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable persons. Such was Night in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an ancestor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that Night and Chaos were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the night in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to Hector and Ajax, in the seventh Iliad.

V. 307. *Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,*
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main, &c.]

There is something wonderfully solemn in this manner of swearing proposed by Sleep to Juno. How answerable is this idea to the dignity of the queen of the goddesses, where earth, ocean, and hell itself, where the whole creation, all things visible and invisible, are called to be witnesses of the oath of the deity?

V. 311. *That she, my lov'd-one,* &c.] Sleep is here made to repeat the words of Juno's promise, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover, fired with these hopes, insists on the promise, dwelling with pleasure on each circumstance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footstool, it seems, are quite out of his head.

V. 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is usually supposed, at the approach or presence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion

all should shake that lies beneath them. Here the poet, giving a description of the descent of these deities upon the ground at Lectos, says that the loftiest of the wood trembled under their feet: which expression is to intimate the lightness and the swiftness of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not shake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 325. *In likeness of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the size of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reason why Homer describes Sleep under its form.

V. 345. — — *To whose indulgent cares I owe the nursing*, &c.] The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is constantly understood to be the air: and we are here told that she was nourished by the vapours which rise from the ocean and the earth. For Tethys is the same with Rhea. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 395. *Glad earth perceives*, &c.] It is an observation of Aristotle, in the xxvth chapter of his Poetics, that when Homer is obliged to describe any thing of itself absurd or too improbable, he constantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with some shining description. This passage is a remarkable instance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great absurdity, that the Supreme Being should be laid asleep in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldness, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by describing the various flowers the earth shoots up to compose their couch, the golden clouds that encompassed them, and the bright heavenly dews that were showered round them.

I cannot conclude the notes on this story of Jupiter and Juno, without observing with what particular care Milton has imitated the several beautiful parts of this episode, introducing them upon different occasions as the subjects of his poem would admit.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has used that exceptionable passage of the dalliance, ardour, and enjoyment: that which seems in Homer an impious fiction, becomes a moral lesson in Milton; since he makes that lascivious rage of the passion the immediate effect of the sin of our first parents after the fall.

V. 451. *And lo! the god and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleness is there in this idea? where Homer opposes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him in some degree to a god. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 480. *Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.*]

Στρομβον δ' ὡς τσοτυε βαλων, &c.

These words are translated by several, as if they signified that Hector was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of Ajax's strength. Eustathius rather inclines to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the interpretation to himself.

V. 533. *Propp'd on that spear*, &c.] The occasion of this sarcasm of Polydamas seems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfixed with a spear through his right shoulder. This posture bearing some resemblance to that of a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.

The speech of Polydamas begins a long string of sarcastic raillery, in which Eustathius pretends to observe very different characters. This of Polydamas, he says, is pleasant; that of Ajax, heroic; that of Acamas, plain; and that of Peneleus, pathetic.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

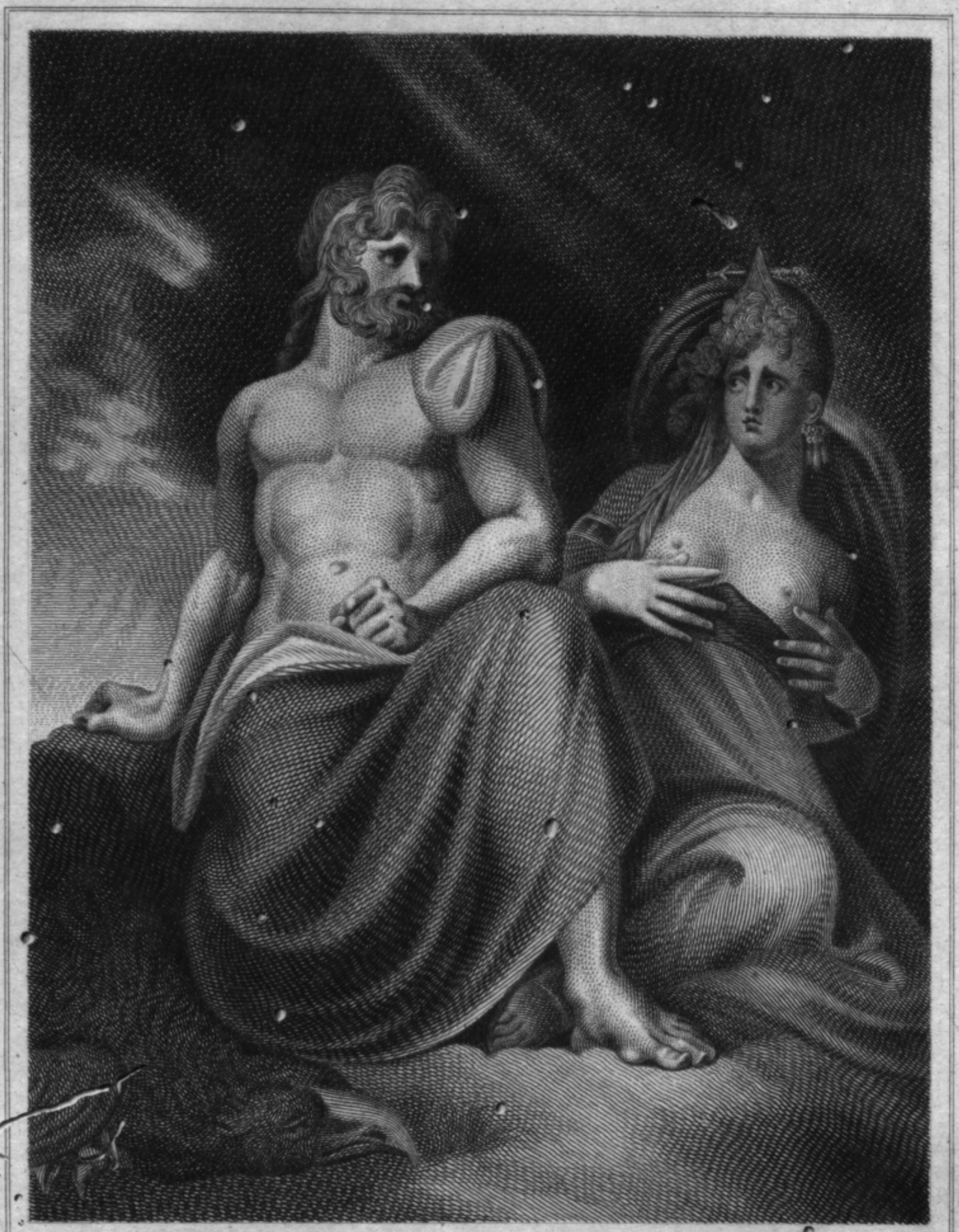
OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

JUPITER, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.



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BOOK XV.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno spoke:

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the field.

Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The thund'rer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;

By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels giv'n,
And taught submission to the sire of heav'n.
Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the skies!
(Th' immortal father with a smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the sea-god to his wat'ry reign:
While Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,
His lab'ring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece chas'd by Troy, e'en to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.

He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
E'en my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:
And lo! that instant, godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heav'n.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of gods.

There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:
Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The goddess said, and sullen took her place;
Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat stedfast care, and low'ring discontent.
Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:

Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majesty of pow'r, controuls;
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiss, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n;

But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear:
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said:
By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the thund'rer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the god of day.

Go wait the thund'rer's will (Saturnia cried)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
There in the father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat: the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
There sat th' eternal; he whose nod controuls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the thund'rer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddess of the show'ry bow.

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?

Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the lord of heav'n?
Th' almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls:
Attend the mandate of the sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the lord of heav'n?
What means the haughty sov'reign of the skies?
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal god, nor of his train am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:

Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then (said she) O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)
When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.

If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n,
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race:
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The lord of thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:

Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd;
E'en pow'r immense had found such battle hard.

Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again:
Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The god-
head said;
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day:
Why sits great Hector from the field so far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the
war?
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:

What bless'd immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
E'en yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horfors swim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the thund'rer sends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
E'en I will make thy fiery coursers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.
Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:

He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
They fly: at once the chasers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd;
And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.
Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force;
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight,
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades?
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!

We saw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd;
What god restores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy pow'rful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior spoke; the list'ning Greeks obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band;
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came tow'ring to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:

High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd;
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Sat doubtful conquest hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confest.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around 'em fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;

One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäsûs, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;
Him A[illegible]honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse, or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.
On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: for by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;

No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore:
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wond'ring crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall:
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away:
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their mèn, with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And [illegible] his country with a father's eyes.
O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious god!
This day preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the sage: th' eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they dêluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;

Legions on legions from each side arise;
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cafs below,
These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd,
Still in the tent Patróclus sat to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he exprest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state require redress (he cries)
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes?
Charg'd with Achilles' high command I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him by his country's care
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
Perhaps some fav'ring god his soul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.
He spoke; and, speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.

Th'embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though num'rous, to repulse in vain:
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were tried,
And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend,
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires:
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th'extinguish'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.

Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!

This said, his eager jav'lin sought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he died.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?

Impatient Teucer, hast'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring sung.
Clytus, Pysenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of th'embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise disposer of the fates of men

(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some god prevents our destin'd enterprise:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;
To force our fleet, or e'en a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied;

On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow:
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addrest.
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour or our life,
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.
The list'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.

Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor stooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O Phœbus! was thy care)
But Cræsmus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breastplate wore,
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,

Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conqu'ring Grecks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on — a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage;
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,

Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—O Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.
His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts:
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift jav'lin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's swain,
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood:
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew;

But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolved in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles:
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow;
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:

For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tow'r
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.

So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
As when a lion, rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as gen'rous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.

On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desp'rate band.
Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most,
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.
O friends! be men: your gen'rous breasts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-op'ning to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A pond'rous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands;
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores.
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their
fire
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain:
Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging, Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command:
Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd; and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of you hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:

In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.
He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
E'en Ajax paus'd (so thick the jav'lins fly),
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die.
Yet, where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
E'en to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
E'en yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulkwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XV.

V. 23. *Hast thou forgot*, &c.] It is in the original to this effect: 'Have you forgot how you swung in the air, when I hung a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands?' 'Though it is not my design, says M. Dacier, to give a reason for every story in the pagan theology, yet I cannot prevail upon myself to pass over this in silence. The physical allegory seems very apparent to me: Homer mysteriously in this place explains the nature of the air, which is Juno; the two anvils which she had at her feet are the two elements, earth and water; and the chains of gold about her hands are the ether, or fire which fills the superior region: the two grosser elements are called anvils, to shew us, that in these two elements only arts are exercised. I do not know but that a moral allegory may here be found, as well as a physical one; the poet by these masses tied to the feet of Juno, and by the chain of gold with which her hands were bound, might signify, not only that domestic affairs should like fetters detain the wife at home, but that proper and beautiful works, like chains of gold, ought to employ her hands.'

The physical part of this note belongs to Heraclides Ponticus, Eustathius, and the Scholiast: M. Dacier might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it seems an observation no less singular in a lady.

V. 23.] Eustathius tells us, that there were in some manuscripts of Homer two verses, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions (which Hen. Stephens places here):

Πριν γ' ὁτε δη σ' απελυσα ποδων, μυθρους δ' ενι τροιη
Καββαλον αφρα πελοιτο και εσσομενοισι πυθεσθαι.

By these two verses Homer shews us, that what he says of the punishment of Juno was not an invention of his own, but founded

upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been some statue of Juno with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left by time, superstitious people raised this story; so that Homer only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what Eustathius adds, that there were shewn near Troy certain ruins, which were said to be the remains of these masses. DACIER.

V. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous Styx.*] The epithet Homer here gives to Styx is καλλιρέοντος, 'subterlabens,' which I take to refer to its passage through the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it signified 'ex alto stillans,' falling drop by drop from on high. Herodotus, in his sixth book, writes thus: 'The Arcadians say, that near the city Nonacris flows the water of Styx, and that it is a small rill, which, distilling from an exceeding high rock, falls into a little cavity or bason environed with a hedge.' Pausanias, who had seen the place, gives light to this passage of Herodotus. 'Going from Phereus (says he) in the country of the Arcadians, and drawing towards the west, we find on the left the city of Clytorus, and on the right that of Nonacris, and the fountain of Styx, which from the height of a shaggy precipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high rock, and before it has traversed this rock flows into the river Crathis: this water is mortal both to man and beast, and therefore it is said to be an infernal fountain. Homer gives it a place in his poems, and by the description which he delivers, one would think he had seen it.' This shews the wonderful exactness of Homer in the description of places which he mentions. The gods swore by Styx, and this was the strongest oath they could take; but we likewise find that men too swore by this fatal water: for Herodotus tells us Cleomenes going to Arcadia to engage the Arcadians to follow him in a war against Sparta, had a design to assemble at the city of Nonacris, and make them swear by the water of this fountain. DACIER. EUSTATH. in Odyss.

V. 67. *Greece chas'd by Troy*, &c.] In this discourse of Jupiter, the poet opens his design, by giving his reader a sketch of the principal events he is to expect. This seeming want of art

in Homer, which Madam Dacier endeavours to justify, forms a principal article of the charge brought against him by some late French critics, particularly by Mr. De la Motte, in his Reflexions sur la critique. The translator, after stating the arguments on each side, has added some ingenious considerations to extenuate Homer's conduct, which, however, do not appear of weight sufficient to decide the question.

V. 86. *As some way-faring man*, &c.] The discourse of Jupiter to Juno being ended, she ascends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the poet explains by this comparison. On other occasions he has illustrated the action of the mind by sensible images from the motion of bodies; here he inverts the case, and shews the great velocity of Juno's flight by comparing it to the quickness of thought. No other comparison could have equalled the speed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the poet describes a traveller who revolves in his mind the several places which he has seen, and in an instant passes in imagination from one distant part of the earth to another.

V. 114. *Juno's speech to the gods.*] It was no sort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of Homer, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The present speech of Juno is a masterpiece in that sort, which seems to say one thing, and persuades another: for while she is only declaring to the gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that she tells them they must obey, she fills them with a reluctance to do it. By representing so strongly the superiority of his power, she makes them uneasy at it; and by particularly advising that god to submit whose temper could least brook it, she incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more sly and artfully provoking, than that stroke on the death of his darling son: 'Do thou, O Mars, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the severest trial; Ascalaphus thy son lies slain by his means: bear it with so much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy son.'

V. 134. *To Fear and Flight—*] Homer does not say, that Mars commanded they should join his horses to his chariot,

which horses were called Fear and Flight. Fear and Flight are not the names of the horses of Mars, but the names of two furies in the service of this god: it appears likewise by other passages that they were his children, book xiii. v. 299 of the original. This is a very ancient mistake; Eustathius mentions it as an error of Antimachus, yet Hobbes and most others have fallen into it.

V. 234. *Go wait the thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the poet to repeat his errands and messages, here he introduces Juno with very few words, where she carries a dispatch from Juno to Iris and Apollo. She only says, 'Jove commands you to attend him on mount Ida,' and adds nothing of what had passed between herself and her consort before. The reason of this brevity is not only that she is highly disgusted with Jupiter, and so unwilling to tell her tale from the anguish of her heart; but also because Jupiter had given her no commission to relate fully the subject of their discourse: wherefore she is cautious of declaring what possibly he would have concealed. Neither does Jupiter himself in what follows reveal his decrees: for he lets Apollo only so far into his will, that he would have him disorder and rout the Greeks: their good fortune, and the success which was to ensue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cause of Troy. One may remark in this passage Homer's various conduct and discretion concerning what ought to be put in practice or left undone whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 228. *To elder brothers.*] Iris, that she may not seem to upbraid Neptune with weakness of judgment, out of regard to the greatness and dignity of his person, does not say that Jupiter is stronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sententiously, that the furies wait upon our elders. The furies are said to wait upon men in a double sense: either for evil, as they did upon Orestes after he had slain his mother; or else for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them, and avenge their wrongs. This is an instance that the Pagans looked upon birthright as a right divine. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 252. *Else had my wrath*, &c.] This representation of the terrors which must have attended the conflict of two such mighty powers as Jupiter and Neptune, whereby the elements had been mixed in confusion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imaged in these few lines with a nobleness suitable to the occasion. Milton has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he represents what must have happened if Satan and Gabriel had encountered.

V. 298. *As when the pamper'd steed.*] This comparison is repeated from the sixth book, and we are told that the ancient critics retained no more than the two first verses and the four last in this place, and that they gave the verses two marks; by the one (which was the asterism) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the obelus) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader, who considers the two places, will be of the same opinion.

V. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] Dacier has a pretty remark on this passage, that Homer extended destiny (that is, the care of providence) even over the beasts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology.

V. 386. *By Paris, Dolochus inglorious dies,*
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.]

Here is one that falls under the spear of Paris, smitten in the extremity of his shoulder as he was flying. This gives occasion to a pretty observation in Eustathius, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back; so careful is Homer of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of Eioneus in the beginning of lib. vi.

V. 396. *For by the gods, who flies,* &c.] It sometimes happens (says Longinus) that a writer in speaking of some person, all on a sudden puts himself in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuosity and hurry of passion. It is this which Homer practises in these verses; the poet stops his narration, forgets his own person, and instantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of his furi-

ous and transported hero. How must his discourse have languished, had he staid to tell us, 'Hector then said these, or the like words?' Instead of which, by this unexpected transition he prevents the reader, and the transition is made before the poet himself seems sensible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time presses, and when the occasion will not allow of any delay: it is elegant then to pass from one person to another, as in that of Hecatæus: 'The herald, extremely discontented at the orders he had received, gave command to the Heraclidæ to withdraw.—It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not perish entirely, and if you would not involve me in your ruin, depart, and seek a retreat among some other people.' Longinus, chap. xxiii.

V. 416. *As when ashore an infant stands.*] This simile of the sand is inimitable; it is not easy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to describe the tumbling and confused heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the comparison here, taken from the sand, is the juster, as it rises from the very place and scene before us: for the wall here demolished, as it was founded on the coast, must needs border on the sand; wherefore the similitude is borrowed immediately from the subject-matter under view. Eustathius.

V. 472. *Nor could the Trojans——Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.*] Homer always marks distinctly the place of battle; he here shews us clearly, that the Trojans attacked the first line of the fleet that stood next the wall, or the vessels which were drawn foremost on the land: these vessels were a strong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the navy which stood nearer to the sea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they must necessarily force the first line, and defeat the troops which defended it. Eustathius.

V. 723. *He raises Hector,* &c.] This picture of Hector, impulsed by Jupiter, is a very finished piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which Homer has given us in so various attitudes. He is here represented as an instrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about those designs the god had long projected: and, as his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to

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recompence his hasty death with this short-lived glory. Accordingly, this being the last scene of victory he is to appear in, the poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: his eyes sparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the god of war, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a storm, and the destruction he causes is resembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The poet, by this heap of comparisons, raises the idea of the hero higher than any simple description could reach.

V. 736. —— *His fate was near —— Due to stern Pallas.*] It may be asked, what Pallas has to do with the fates, or what power has she over them? Homer speaks thus, because Minerva has already resolved to succour Achilles, and deceive Hector in the combat between these two heroes, as we find in book xxii. Properly speaking, Pallas is nothing but the knowledge and wisdom of Jove, and it is wisdom which presides over the counsels of his providence; therefore she may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. DACIER.

V. 752. *Bursts as a wave,* &c.] Longinus, observing that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judicious assembling together of the great circumstances, and the strength with which they are marked in the proper place, chooses this passage of Homer as a plain instance of it: 'Where (says that noble critic) in describing the terror of a tempest, he takes care to express whatever are the accidents of most dread and horror in such a situation; he is not content to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave; nay, the very words and syllables of the description give us an image of their peril.' He shews, that a poet of less judgment would amuse himself in less important circumstances, and spoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chosen, or superfluous particulars. Thus Aratus endeavouring to refine upon that line,

'And instant death on ev'ry wave appears;'

He turned it thus,

'A slender plank preserves them from their fate.'

Which, by flourishing upon the thought, has lost the loftiness and terror of it, and is so far from improving the image, that it lessens and vanishes in his management. By confining the danger to a single line, he has scarce left the shadow of it; and indeed the word 'preserves' takes away even that. The same critic produces a fragment of an old poem on the Arimaspians, written in this false taste, whose author, he doubts not, imagined he had said something wonderful in the following affected verses. I have done my best to give them the same turn, and I believe there are those who will not think them bad ones.

'Ye pow'rs! what madness! how on ships so frail,
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtless mortals sail?
For stormy seas they quit the pleasing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidst the main.
Far o'er the deep (a trackless path) they go,
And wander oceans, in pursuit of woe.
No ease their hearts, no rest their eyes can find,
On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;
Such are their spirits, while their arms they rear;
And gods are weary'd with their fruitless pray'r.'

V. 796. *Nestor's speech.*] This popular harangue of Nestor is justly extolled as the strongest and most persuasive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preservation of their wives and children, the secure possessions of their fortunes, the respect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of those that were departed: by these he diverts the Grecians from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 850. *The same which dead Protesilaüs bore.*] Homer feigns that Hector laid hold on the ship of the dead Protesilaüs, rather than on that of any other, that he might not disgrace any of his Grecian generals. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 890. *The speech of Ajax.*] There is great strength, close-

ness, and spirit in this speech, and one might (like many critics) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But sure the perpetual rapture of such commentators, who are always giving us exclamations instead of criticisms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what use is this either to a reader who has a taste, or to one who has not? To admire a fine passage, is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us.

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